

# A most sweet Song of an *English* Merchant-man, born in *Chichester*.

To an excellent new Tune, &c.



**A** Rich merchant-man there was,  
that was both grave and wise,  
Did kill a man at Embden Town,  
through quarrels that did rise,  
Through quarrels that did rise;  
the German being dead,  
And for that fact the merchant-man  
was jug'd to lose his head:  
A sweet thing is love,  
it rule both heart and mind,  
There is no comfort in the world  
to women that are kind.

A scaffold builded was,  
within the market-place,  
And all the people far and near,  
did rather flock apace:  
Did rather flock apace,  
this doleful sight to see,  
Who all in velvet black as jet,  
unto the place came he:  
A sweet, &c.

Bear: he died as he lived;  
his hands was bound before,  
A cal: which run about his neck,  
a white as milk he wore:  
His face as white as milk,  
as fine as the milk he wore,  
O' person and of countenance,  
a proper man was he:  
A sweet, &c.

When he was mounted up  
upon the scaffold high,  
All women said, Great pity it was  
to see a Man should dye:  
The merchants of the town,  
from death to let him free,  
Did offer there a thousand pound,  
but yet all would not be:  
A sweet thing is love,  
it rules both heart and mind,  
There is no comfort in this world,  
to women that are kind.

The prisoner hereupon,  
began to speak his mind,  
Quoth he, I have deser'd death,  
in conscience I do find:  
Yet so against my will,  
this man I kill'd, quoth he,  
As Christ both knows, which of my soul  
must only Saviour be:  
A sweet, &c.

With heart I do repent  
this most unhappy deed,  
And for his wife and children small,  
my heart is full of bleed:  
The deed is done and past,  
my heart is full of bleed,  
And for the loss of this my life,  
to them is little gain:  
A sweet, &c.

Unto the ladies then,  
and to the ladies therefore,  
I give a hundred pound a peice,  
their comfort to restore:  
Desiring at their hands,  
no more request but this,  
They will speak well of Englishmen,  
though I have done amiss:  
A sweet thing is love,  
it rules both heart and mind,  
There is no comfort in this world,  
like women that are kind.

This was no longer done,  
but that to finish the strife,  
Four godly maidens mother him,  
for love to save his life:  
This is our law, quoth they,  
we may your death reverse,  
So you in lieu of our good will,  
will grant to us your love:  
A sweet, &c.

Brave English-man, quoth they,  
'Tis I will save thy life;  
Nay, quoth the second, 'tis I,  
so I may be thy wife:  
'Tis I, the third, quoth she,  
Nay, quoth the fourth, 'tis I,  
So each one after the other said,  
As waiting his reply:  
A sweet, &c.



Fair maidens every one,  
I must confesse and say,  
That each of you well worthy is  
to be a lady gay:  
And I unmeetly fit,  
the worth of you to hate,  
though you please me willingly  
and loathed life to hate:  
A sweet thing is love,  
it rules both heart and mind,  
There is no comfort in this world,  
to women that are kind.

Then take a thousand thanks,  
of me a living man,  
But I have no more of love or life,  
for my life is gone:  
To show the last I give,  
my love to you be true,  
For none of you can have,  
And I must leave my breath:  
A sweet, &c.

Fair maidens every one,  
your countenance is true,  
It takes but a little of my life,  
and gives it a new youth:  
And I am not a little  
in love with you, and  
I am not a little  
in love with you;  
A sweet, &c.

And now I am a little  
in love with you, and  
I am not a little  
in love with you;  
And I am not a little  
in love with you, and  
I am not a little  
in love with you;  
A sweet, &c.

And now I am a little  
in love with you, and  
I am not a little  
in love with you;  
And I am not a little  
in love with you, and  
I am not a little  
in love with you;  
A sweet thing is love,  
it rules both heart and mind,  
There is no comfort in this world  
to women that are kind.

I'll live within the  
if thou wilt live,  
Pet live of me, and  
I'll live and die  
But can it be (quoth  
that thou do love  
'Tis not by long  
whereby true love  
A sweet thing is love,  
it rules both heart and mind,  
There is no comfort in this  
to women that are kind.

Then beg my life, quoth  
and I will be thy  
If I should seek the  
more love cannot be  
The people at that time  
did give a joyful cry,  
And said, O sweet man  
so sweet a man should  
A sweet, &c.

I go my love, the said,  
I run, I live for thee,  
And gentle beauties  
my lover's head for  
Unto the church the  
who was the first  
And with a hundred  
he went to fetch her  
A sweet, &c.

Which much loving  
the first of the  
The gallant woman  
did bring him back  
Pier, born in love  
into the church  
And they were married  
in sumptuous rich  
A sweet, &c.

To England came he  
with his fair lady  
a faire creature  
by any merchant  
Where he was  
in pleasure and  
But of that time  
I must not say  
A sweet thing is love,  
it rules both heart and mind,  
There is no comfort in this  
to women that are kind.